

The Old Year.

Time is winging us away
To our eternal home;
Life is but a winter's day,
A journey to the tomb.

Yes, time is on the wing, and since another year is numbered with the cycles of years, does it not appear, dear readers, that it would be well to make an examination, and see if we have lived such lives as would be pleasing and acceptable in the sight of our Lord and Master? The appropriate questions are, then: Have we at all times tried to do the best we could, according to our ability and the measure of light in our possession? Have our best efforts been put forth to enhance the cause of Christ? Have we been giving cheerfully and liberally as God prospered us, for the advancement of the cause of Christ? Have we been praying and laboring for the conversion of sinners? Have we visited the sick, and afflicted, and tried to cheer, and comfort them, while suffering from mental or physical distress? Have we looked after the needs and wants of the widows and orphans? Have we contended for the faith once delivered to the saints? Can we answer these questions in the affirmative? If not, will we merit the plaudit, "she has done what she could?" Nay, we will be held responsible for neglecting and abusing privileges and golden opportunities. Hear what the Revelator says: "Behold, I come quickly; and my reward is with me, to give every man according as his work shall be." The year that has come to a close, has been one of prosperity. Temporally we have been blest. Bountiful crops have been garnered up. The lamented hard times are on the wane. Peace and tranquillity have reigned in our midst. As a nation we have been highly favored, in comparison with many of our fellow creatures. Truly we have abundant reason to be thankful for the many rich blessings it has been our privilege to enjoy.

Notwithstanding all this, life has its realities, such are inevitable. We are subject to trials, tribulations, cares, annoyances, and afflictions. How true the sayings, "Things are not always what they seem."

"All is not gold that glitters." We have our reverses. Trials meet us on every hand. Temptation comes in an alluring guise and in an unguarded moment or hour draws us away from that which is pure and good. Such things are eventually for our benefit. God means to test and discipline our faith. Some one has said, "Trials serve to cleanse away the rusts of vices." Blessed are they who overcome. It is by the refining fires of patient suffering that we are to be made pure. St. Paul says, "We glory in tribulations." Thus the Christian has the consolation, as long as he trusts in God's promises and communes with him, he is safe.

We believe that the year that is at a close, will mark an epoch in the history of many lives. Many have spent the year as never spent before. Many have chosen that good part "that fadeth not away." Many have enjoyed a peace of heart and mind that the world can neither give nor take away. Yes, pure and undefiled religion, is worth more in a dying hour, than all the pomp, revelry, or riches of this world.

O, unconverted friend, pause for a moment, and think, how you have spent the year 1886. Whom have you been serving? Have you neglected all the means of grace? Have kind admonitions been unheeded? Have golden opportunities been misimproved? Now is the accepted time. "Today if you hear my voice harden not your heart." Put not off your returning to God, until tomorrow. Today the spirit invites you to come. Will you accept the invitation? Remember, Procrastination is said to be "the thief of time." The word says, "God's spirit will not always strive with man."

"O turn ye, O turn ye, for why will ye die,
When God in great mercy is coming so nigh?"

KATE YOST.

Burbank, Ohio.

In Memory of Sister Murphy.

It is with deep sorrow that I record the death of our beloved Sister Ida Florence Murphy, wife of Bro. John L. Murphy, and only daughter of

Mrs. Harriet Whelden. Sister Florence united with the Brethren here, at the Maple Grove church, Norton County, Kan., about five years ago. Died December 10th, 1886, aged thirty-seven years, seven months and several days. She lay sick about four weeks and suffered a great deal. Disease, brain fever. She was not rational during the greater part of her illness. She leaves a husband, six children, a mother and one brother and many friends, brethren and sisters to mourn for her. She will be sadly missed. Truly, she set a good example of Christian sobriety and kind deeds. The family and relatives have the deepest sympathy of all. Bro. M. Lichty preached the funeral sermon.

They are laying her under the sod today—

My dear sister in Christ, true consoler; kind friend—

Her sufferings are over, she will now dwell on high,

Where pleasures abound and sweet Sabbaths ne'er end!

Oh how can I realize that never on earth,

Will I see her dear face, or her voice, hear again?

In times of deep sorrow, how oft has she cheered

And soothed me, in hours of suffering and pain.

I saw the dark hearse; and the funeral train,

That bore thy loved form, from thy home here below.

The dazzling white snow will soon cover thy grave,

While around mournful winds a sad requiem blow.

I could not there mingle with kindred and friends,

To look on thy face, or shed the sad farewell tear:

Yet I hope soon to meet thee in heaven above,

Where our Savior we'll praise in that bright joyful sphere.

Then, fare thee well, Florence, thou dear faithful friend,

Never more wilt thou "cheer" me with sisterly love:

Earth holds few such treasures, so trustworthy and true,

By the Lord's grace I'll strive soon to meet thee above.

CARRIE HOLSINGER.

Rockwell City, Kan., Dec. 13, 1886.

OUR YOUNG FOLKS.**Make Mother Happy.**

Children, make your mother happy;

Make her sing instead of sigh,

For the mournful hour of parting

May be very, very nigh.

Children, make your mother happy;

Many griefs she has to bear,

And she wearies 'neath her burdens:

Can you not these burdens share?

Children, make your mother happy;

Prompt obedience cheers the heart;

While a willful disobedience

Pierces like a poisoned dart.

Children, make your mother happy;

On her brow the lines of care

Deepen daily; don't you see them?

While your own are smooth and fair.

Children, make your mother happy;

For, beneath the coffin-lid,

All too soon her face, so saint-like,

Shall in death's calm sleep be hid.

DEAR EDITOR:—I like to read the letters in the Children's Column of the EVANGELIST and I thought I would also write a short letter. I am 13 years old and I go to school. My studies are Reading, Writing, Spelling, Arithmetic, Geography, Language and Physiology. Our teacher's name is Miss Theodocia Rowland and she is a good teacher. My pa is away from home most of the time sawing. Pa and ma and also grandma Burkhardt belong to the Brethren church. Grandma lives with us and if she lives until the 9th of April next she will be 83 years old. I have two brothers, and two sisters. I will close for the present.

JOHN PERRY BYERS.

Vinco, Pa., Dec. 25, 1886.

DEAR EDITOR:—It has been some time since I wrote a letter for the Children's Column. I am very fond of reading the children's letters. My brother Dan shot a wild turkey this winter that weighed 7 pounds, and my cousin William shot a wild turkey that weighed 17 pounds. I am going to school every day and I like to go. John Hill is my teacher's name. One week till Christmas and we all want a Merry Christmas. I want Santa to bring my little sister Ida and I lots of sweets and a share for our editor. My pa is at church tonight. I will bring my letter now to a close for this time.

SADIE RESSLAR.

Baker's Furnace, Pa.

DEAR EDITOR:—I thought I would try to write a short letter to the Children's Column, hoping it will escape the waste basket. I am very fond of reading the letters from the youths of my age. I

am eleven years old. I go to school at Daleville. My teacher is Miss Lillie Moomaw. I am studying Arithmetic, Geography, Grammar, Reading, Writing and Spelling. I can play a little on the organ, but I am kept so closely confined to my books since going to school that I scarcely get any time to practice. My mamma and three sisters and one brother belong to the Brethren church. I am sorry to say that we don't get to hear much preaching by the Brethren. But my mamma says, it is a great consolation to have the EVANGELIST to read every week and hear that the good work is going on. I have four sisters older than myself and one younger sister. Though she weighs thirteen pounds more than I. I only have one dear little brother. I may fail to interest you with my first so I will close for this time. Yours truly,

LISSIA A. FIRESTONE.

Daleville, Va., Dec. 11.

DEAR EDITOR:—I thought I would write a letter for the Children's Column. It is my first attempt. I am seven years old. I go to school every day. My studies are Arithmetic, Writing, Reading, Spelling, Geography, Physiology. My teacher's name is Miss Frances Figart. My father and mother belongs to the Brethren church. I have three brothers and two sisters. My father takes the BRETHREN EVANGELIST. We have preaching every two weeks by Rev. W. L. Spanogle. I will close by asking a question: Where is the word river first mentioned in the Bible?

LEVI W. DELOZIER.

Mountain Home, Pa.

DEAR EDITOR:—As it has been a long time since I have written, I thought I would write a few lines for the Children's Column. I am ten years old and go to school every day. My teacher's name is Miss Frances Figart. I like her very much. We continued our Sabbath School during the winter and Miss Frances is my Sabbath School teacher also. We had a Christmas tree in our Sunday School the night before Christmas. We had a nice time. I will close for this time. Hoping this may escape the waste basket.

MARY R. DELOZIER.

Mountain Home, Pa.

DEAR EDITOR:—I guess I will write too. George has been writing but he did not tell all the news about the Christmas tree. Just as the crowd had gathered in the church and we had one candle lit the tree fell over but did not brake any thing. We had bad luck, yet good luck. Nothing burnt except one apron. The presents that were there were estimated between \$300 and \$500. We worked very nearly a week to get up the tree. I guess we wanted to make it too handsome is the reason it would not stand up. Ma also got a hood and a glass bread plate. We are all going to grandma's to spend New Years. I will close for this time.

Yours truly,

MARY SHOE.

Sherwood, Ohio., Dec. 30.

DEAR EDITOR:—I thought I would write another letter for the EVANGELIST. We still keep our Sunday school going we elected officers for another year last Sabbath. They are as follows: A. Shoe, Supt.; W. A. Koons, Sec'y.; Mrs. D. Palmer, Assistant Supt.; Henry White, Treas. Pa said he could not refuse serving another year on account of the love and regard manifested toward him in the last two or three weeks. They got up a surprise on Pa about two weeks ago. About forty came in and surprised us, indeed. They brought Pa a pair of pants and a vest, a suit of underwear, muslin for a white shirt. Mary a dress, Clara a dress, ten yds, of calico in different pieces, four yds. of gingham, a dish pan, a tea can, big chunk of beef, some lard and other groceries, all amounting to \$14. We also had a Christmas tree. Pa got a large Bible, ma a dress, Mary got a book and some candy and I got a game box, a card and some candy. I guess this is all for this time. I wish to see this in print.

Yours truly,

GEORGE SHOE.

Sherwood, Ohio., Dec. 30.

P. S. As New Years is almost here I wish you all A Happy New Year. I will ask a question: Where are the words catalogue and cow mentioned in the Bible?